

READ THE
EVENING WORLD'S
BASEBALL EXTRA
IT HAS ALL THE SPORTING NEWS.

PRICE ONE CENT.

BEATEN BY BRUTAL TOUGHS.

Dr. Parodi Assaulted on Centre Street
for Refusing to Buy Liquor.

Serious Charges Against an Officer
and an Ambulance Surgeon.

Dr. Teodoro Parodi, a reputable Italian physician, whose office is at 20 Centre street, is ill in bed, covered with bruises and contusions, the result, as he alleges, of a brutal assault committed upon him by a gang of toughs in Centre street, for whom he refused to buy liquor.

The doctor says he was beaten and kicked, and when a policeman had scattered the mob, he sought the doctor to the station-house, treating him more or less roughly on the way.

Then, Dr. Parodi alleges, when an ambulance surgeon examined him, he was laughing and pronounced the doctor to be drunk, despite a dignified protest.

Dr. Parodi is a handsome Genoese, thirty-two years old, and is a practitioner in New York only six months. He is nearly six feet tall, broad-shouldered and muscular, but he is suffering from an experience from which even his athletic frame could not protect him, even when supported by his younger and smaller brother, Dr. Corrado Parodi.

Dr. Teodoro Parodi told the story himself to an EVENING WORLD reporter to-day in correct English, made pretty and pleasant to the ear by a slight but unobtrusive accent.

"My brother, Dr. Corrado, and I were returning at about 10 o'clock Sunday evening from a visit to a very sick patient in Sullivan street.

"We crossed Centre street, and at the corner of Walker street was a gathering of rough-looking men. One of them put his arm in mine and said, 'Come, buy us a drink!'

"I replied, 'I want no drink. I am on business on this errand.' One of them then stepped forward and said, 'I tell you, I will not let you go until you buy us a drink.'

"Then they set upon me. I fell on the sidewalk. They jumped with their feet upon my stomach. They kicked me. I think one kicked me in the head.

"Then they ran away. My eye was badly bruised, and I had fearful pains in my stomach. I felt that I was very badly hurt.

"My brother, Dr. Corrado, did nothing. There weren't twelve of these men. They sent him by the hands. He struggled. They pulled away two rings from his finger.

"They seized his watchchain, but it broke. They tore his coat open.

"A policeman came. I was vomiting. He asked, 'What is the matter?' I told him I had been assaulted. He said, roughly, 'Well, then, come along to the station with me.'

"I replied, 'Hither let me go to my office at 20 Centre street. I will get some medicine for my stomach. It feels very badly.'

"No, you must come to the station, he said, and I struggled along. One of them then stepped forward and said, 'I tell you, I will not let you go until you buy us a drink.'

"At the station an ambulance came. The surgeon, a young looking man, examined me. He laughed at me. He said:

"Too much macaroni soup. You are drunk."

"I said: 'You are a physician. You should know that I have not been drinking, but am nauseated by an assault.'

"He only laughed, and I came home to vomit blood all day yesterday. I am much better today, but I am still in pain from the contusions of the stomach.

"I never saw before the roughs who assaulted me, but I might recognize one of them if I saw him again. The police told me to say nothing about it; they thought they knew who they were, and if I told, he would get away."

Dr. Parodi is a graduate of the Medical University at Geneva. His brother joined him here only two months ago.

The officer who took him to the Elizabeth street station was Patrolman Moran. This is the third violent assault in Centre street within two months.

The two previous assaults were at midday. In each a man was stabbed almost to death. Centre street appears lately to have been chosen as the rendezvous of several gangs of toughs, who seemingly have things pretty much their own way.

A BERNADOTTE AILING.

Sweden's Crown Prince Fighting Against the Deadly Influenza.

STOCKHOLM, June 8.—The Crown Prince Gustaf, Duke of Värmland, eldest son of King Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway, and heir-apparent to the throne, is dangerously ill. The Prince is suffering from influenza.

Prince Gustaf has inherited much of his father's ability and his distinguished military career. He is a soldier, a statesman, a diplomat, and a sportsman. He is now in the hospital, and his condition is very serious.

The Prince's illness is a great loss to the Swedish people. He is a popular figure, and his recovery is eagerly awaited.

Gen. Butler Goes a Point.

Judge Nelson Releases a Client Whom Judge Carpenter Imprisoned.

BOSTON, June 8.—United States District Judge Nelson gave his decision this morning upon the application of Gen. Butler for the release of Mr. Johnson upon a writ of habeas corpus, and after delivering a long opinion ordered the discharge of the prisoner.

Mrs. Johnson, pale and feeble, walked quietly into the court-room at 10.30, so accompanied by her husband, Mr. Johnson, who is a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

Mr. Johnson, wearing an enormous white beard and a black cap, was seated at the counsel table. He was looking at the judge with a steady gaze.

Mr. Johnson's wife, Mrs. Johnson, was seated next to him. She was looking at the judge with a steady gaze.

POINTERS ON THE RACES.

Tipsters' Opinions on the Various Winners To-Day.

Programme of the Several Events to Be Run Off.

The card offered at Morris Park to-day has two good race events to be decided, the Ladies and the Larchmont. The fields are not heavy, but the quality of the horses entered are of a high standard, and in several events they are so evenly matched it will keep one guessing as to who the winner will be. The selections are as follows:

First Race—One mile for three-year-olds and upward—Chesapeake should win with Terrier second, and Blauvelt third.

Second Race—One mile—L'Intrigue should win, with Kingmaker close up with his light weight, and Frontenac third.

Third Race—The Larchmont Stakes, at six furlongs—Canvass should about win to-day, with Sir John second and Heligade a close third.

Fourth Race—Mile and five-sixteenths—Raid should win, with Sir John second and Rascald a close third.

Fifth Race—The Ladies' Stakes, Trian course—Equity will about win, with Canvass second and Greylock third.

Sixth Race—Seven furlongs—Arab should win to-day, with Flavia second and Kempblad a close third.

Morning Paper Selections.

First Race—Terrier, Chesapeake, second—L'Intrigue, Blauvelt, third—Raid, Flavia, Canvass.

Second Race—Terrier, Blauvelt, third—Raid, Flavia, Canvass.

Third Race—Terrier, Blauvelt, third—Raid, Flavia, Canvass.

Fourth Race—Terrier, Blauvelt, third—Raid, Flavia, Canvass.

Fifth Race—Terrier, Blauvelt, third—Raid, Flavia, Canvass.

Sixth Race—Terrier, Blauvelt, third—Raid, Flavia, Canvass.

Seventh Race—Terrier, Blauvelt, third—Raid, Flavia, Canvass.

Eighth Race—Terrier, Blauvelt, third—Raid, Flavia, Canvass.

Ninth Race—Terrier, Blauvelt, third—Raid, Flavia, Canvass.

Tenth Race—Terrier, Blauvelt, third—Raid, Flavia, Canvass.

Eleventh Race—Terrier, Blauvelt, third—Raid, Flavia, Canvass.

Twelfth Race—Terrier, Blauvelt, third—Raid, Flavia, Canvass.

Thirteenth Race—Terrier, Blauvelt, third—Raid, Flavia, Canvass.

Fourteenth Race—Terrier, Blauvelt, third—Raid, Flavia, Canvass.

Fifteenth Race—Terrier, Blauvelt, third—Raid, Flavia, Canvass.

Sixteenth Race—Terrier, Blauvelt, third—Raid, Flavia, Canvass.

Seventeenth Race—Terrier, Blauvelt, third—Raid, Flavia, Canvass.

Eighteenth Race—Terrier, Blauvelt, third—Raid, Flavia, Canvass.

Nineteenth Race—Terrier, Blauvelt, third—Raid, Flavia, Canvass.

BERRIES FOR THE POOR.

A Monster Festival to Be Held In Madison Square Garden.

"The World" Starts the Enterprise With \$1,000.

Here is the outline of an undertaking decidedly novel and picturesque, in which THE WORLD would be glad to have the co-operation of its readers who approve the idea.

It is proposed to give on the afternoon of Saturday, June 20, at the Madison Square Garden, to some 10,000 poor children of the metropolis the biggest Strawberry Festival ever held. The intention is to give the youngsters the jolliest afternoon they ever experienced and to let them have all the strawberries they can eat, with ice-cream and cake galore to accompany the same. P. S. Gilmore has generously offered to furnish a special concert by his magnificent band, without charge, and the Garden, decorated as it is with \$10,000 worth of plants and palms, will be a veritable fairyland.

The expenses, of course, will be very heavy. There is the rent of the Garden, the fruit, the ice-cream, the cake, the waiters, &c. And besides this the children will be provided with free transportation to and from the Garden. The World contributes \$1,000 towards the expenses, and will be glad to have its readers co-operate in the purchase of boxes. The surplus, if any exists, will be used to found a free hospital bed for newboys or devoted to the Sick Baby Fund.

To provide for the transportation of the children arrangements have been made with the four horse-car lines which lie within easy distance of the Garden—namely, the Broadway, the Third and Fourth Avenue and the Green Lines. Each admission ticket will have two coupons attached to it—one for coming and one for going—and will entitle the child who holds it to a free ride from the nearest point to the holder's home to the nearest point to the Garden on any one of these surface routes, and a free ride home again. The coupons will after wards be redeemed by THE WORLD at three cents each when presented by the three railroad companies.

When the army of small folk, many of whom have never heard any music except occasionally in some of the public parks, and many of whom have never had a whole plate of strawberries in their lives, file into the Garden, it will be like a glimpse of Paradise to their eyes. For not only unlimited strawberries and ice-cream is to be dispensed, but a great deal of the finest music, too, that is to be found anywhere. The concert by Gilmore's Band will be especially arranged for the occasion.

There will be one hundred performers on the dais, and the leader of the band himself will beat time with his own baton. It will be a great day for ten thousand poor little children of New York. It will be a long, long time before they forget it.

Many of the leading society people in town are co-operating in this charming charity. Boxes have already been taken by Mrs. William C. Whitney, Mrs. Edward Cooper, Mrs. M. Augustus Field, Mrs. Henry Janin and others. There are two hundred boxes in all. It is desirable to sell every one of them. The price is \$5 each, as at the regular concert. If there is any surplus over the necessary expenses it will be devoted, as stated, to founding a free hospital bed for newboys or will be turned over to the Sick Baby Fund.

THE WORLD knows from experience the cordial co-operation of its generous readers in such enterprises. That they will be glad to lend a hand and make this the biggest success of the fund, it has no doubt. The bigger the fund, the merrier the occasion. But the time is short, and if you are disposed to take a box, please send along your check at once.

Secret Foes of Prohibition.

The Maine landlords are demanding the right to supply their guests with wine. They must get it ultimately, but they will have to go on for the present as they have in the past, doing without it. Public opinion against prohibitory legislation is already strong in Maine that a secret battle is in progress, and had the would-be legislators had the sense to see the situation, they would have been less easily deceived.

Patience J. Gilman, a private watchman at Park avenue and Ninety-third street, who did not like to name his employer in a criminal case, told some detective Keefe, of Capt. Carpenter's right-winged patrol station, about a bloody card in the bushes at the Ninety-sixth and West Park avenues, two days after Mrs. Emily Taylor got her throat cut near that corner.

Watchman Gilman saw Keefe stop and pick up the card, and he told him that he had seen it. He said that he had seen it in the bushes at the Ninety-sixth and West Park avenues, two days after Mrs. Emily Taylor got her throat cut near that corner.

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MARTIN'S REFUGEE IN CANADA.

Fugitive Satterlee Said to Have Joined His Fleeing Partner.

Their Primitive but Effective Plans to Avoid Ludlow Street Jail.

It will be very cold comfort for the insurance men heretofore to learn that J. K. Satterlee and Livingston Satterlee, the absconding members of the bankrupt insurance brokerage firm of Satterlee, Bostwick & Martin, have each found refuge on the other side of the Canadian border.

There is no doubt about this in the case of Mr. Martin, for his movements have been traced from the time that he fled from his May 19, the day when the firm made its assignment, and the extent of his fraudulent practices was made known to the public.

He arrived at Niagara Falls on the morning of May 20, and on the following day he was without exciting any suspicion, for he had no baggage, though he carried a comfortable "wad" in his inside pocket.

Exactly how much money he had with him is not known, but it is believed that it amounted to a very fair portion of the \$150,000 which was received from the sale of the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company and the Northern Pacific Railroad.

There he has been living ever since, at least, until a very few days ago. He secluded himself as much as possible from observation, and was known by the name of Satterlee.

It was his custom to walk over to the Clinton Hotel at Niagara Falls nearly every day to read the New York papers and return in the evening. Sometimes he would take a ride over, but he never remained at the Clinton for any length of time, except on one occasion, when he took a meal there and registered as E. W. Martine.

Some people at Drummondville knew Martin as Mr. Mitchell. A few days ago some visitors at Clinton recognized him, and he apparently took flight, for the same day he took the evening train for Montreal. That was last Thursday.

He only went a short distance beyond Toronto, however, for it has been learned that he left the train at one of the small way stations, and came back, hiding a wagon, and drove into the woods. Members of his family in this city say that they do not know where he is at present.

With regard to Mr. Satterlee, the senior member of the firm, it is supposed that he has been living in retirement near Hartford, Conn., where he has been seen several times. He was seen at the depot of the New Haven Railroad, where he took a northbound train.

It is rumored that he has gone to join Martin in Canada.

Continuing the Evidence Pointing to Fanning's Guilt.

A most pathetic thing in the trial of Henry C. Fanning for the murder of Mrs. Emily Taylor, his paramour, is the devotion of the lovely little wife, the mother of his two pretty children, whom he deserted two years ago for the woman whose infatuation for him ended in her death. It is alleged, at his hands.

The frail little creature seems hardly more than a girl. She is the mother of a bright-eyed boy and a modest little girl, and since Fanning deserted her she has worked in a Harlem laundry to provide for her babies.

Now she is the first person each morning at the door of Part III of the Court of General Sessions where Judge Martine is trying the case for murder, and she eagerly awaits the arrival of Fanning in the prison van.

Then, standing on tiptoe, she peers through the window of the prisoners' pen and receives a kiss from the man who deserted her for another.

She then retires to a corner of the room and cries softly till the business of the Court is taken up.

Close behind the prisoner sits each day a white-haired, white-bearded man, listening as Prosecutor Francis L. Welman questions the witnesses regarding the dreadful crime with which Fanning is charged. He is Francis L. Welman, the father of Henry C. Fanning.

Mr. Welman called Mary Brodie, of Third avenue and One Hundred and Seventeenth street, to the witness stand this morning, and she testified that Fanning rented a room in her home and occupied it with a strange woman—black and white-faced little creature in black who shrank in a far corner of the Court chamber.

Fanning and the woman occupied the room at Miss Brodie's up to April 1 and then moved out. Fanning did not come back until "between two days," leaving a large rent bill unsettled.

Lawyer Louis Meyer, for Fanning, elicited that Fanning and the woman seemed to be peaceable people.

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EXTRA.

2 O'CLOCK.

AGAINST GORDON.

Verdict in the Famous Baccarat Case Rendered To-Day.

Jury Hissed by the Crowd When the Announcement Came.

Prince of Wales Discreetly Absents Himself from the Court.

By cable to the press news association, London, June 8.—The baccarat scandal suit was resumed this morning with the customary large attendance, but with one of its most prominent figures—the Prince of Wales—absent.

Martin first put up at a little country inn at the village of Drummondville, three miles above Niagara, and out of the ordinary lines of travel.

There he has been living ever since, at least, until a very few days ago. He secluded himself as much as possible from observation, and was known by the name of Satterlee.

It was his custom to walk over to the Clinton Hotel at Niagara Falls nearly every day to read the New York papers and return in the evening. Sometimes he would take a ride over, but he never remained at the Clinton for any length of time, except on one occasion, when he took a meal there and registered as E. W. Martine.

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FATAL CUTS WITH A KNIFE.

A Brooklyn Ex-Policeman Stabbed in a Street Quarrel.

He Is Dying In Hospital, and His Assailant Is Locked Up.

John Bowen and Robert Robinson quarrelled at the corner of Myrtle avenue and Canton street, Brooklyn, this morning, when Bowen drew a large pocket knife and stabbed Robinson twice in the abdomen.

Robinson's wounds are pronounced fatal. He is an ex-policeman, and was formerly attached to the Bergen street police station.

Bowen admits the stabbing, but claims that it was done in self-defense.

Bowen is fifty years old and lives at 72 Rockway street. He was arrested soon after the attack and locked up in the DeKalb avenue station.

Since his dismissal from the police force about two years ago Robinson has been working as a furniture truckman.

Bowen works as helper, although he has no regular situation. He has recently been employed by Bowen's father-in-law, a large pocketknife and stabbed Robinson twice.

Policemen Hurley and Mulvaney were near by, and they arrested Bowen and removed Robinson to the Homopathic Hospital.

Bowen told the police that he had quarrelled and fought with Robinson's brother-in-law yesterday afternoon, and that he had drawn his knife. He did not say what the quarrel was about.

Bowen has been arrested several times for assault.

Once, about two years ago an officer was trying to arrest him, and he attempted to throw the policeman out of the window, but failed. He is also said to be a wife beater.

Baron Van Oldenel and His Friend Victims of a Pierce Attack.